

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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AT

\$2 PER ANNUM. CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be ex-

pected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

'Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.'

CALCUTTA, INDIA, Feb 18, 1886
(Address Auckland, New Zealand, care of Postmaster)

DEAR INTERIOR:—As we shall be on the "briny deep" for 9 days, at least, and there are a few more items of considerable interest, that I don't wish to pass over entirely, I have concluded to send you another "last letter from India."

After writing my other "last," our kind friend, Mr. Frel May, a merchant of the city, who is an old resident, and has a few more items of considerable interest, that I don't wish to pass over entirely, I have concluded to send you another "last letter from India."

Our first step was to ascend the "Ochterlony monument" and get a grand "bird's eye view" of the great city. This memorial of the gallant General, who fell in the Dacca Dacca Campaign against the Ghorries, is quite after the pattern of the "monument" new London bridge and resembles one of it. From the raised top, a charming panoramic prospect of Calcutta can be obtained. The "bird's eye view" of any place, is the best sight to carry away in one's memory.

Then we paid a second visit to 33 Chowringhee Road, where Macaulay compiled his "Indian Code" under which Hindustan is still governed; and wrote his immortal essays on "Warren Hastings" and "Macaulay's Life of Clive," that will exercise the same fascination over readers of future generations as over this. The building—substantial as it was when he resided there—has fallen into disrepair; being now occupied by the "Hindustan Club." But let my reader, if even familiar with the inimitable papers mentioned, just re-peruse them; or, if they are yet a rich literary treat in store for others who have never enjoyed them; let me ask them to give themselves the exquisite pleasure of a first perusal; and then understand a little of the interest I had in visiting the place where they were penned. The brilliant essayist must have gathered inspiration for his themes, as he looked out from his library, over the broad maidan (park); with "Fort William" frowning to his left, "Government House" to the right and the broad Hooghly with its fringe of tall masts linking the two.

Our next point of observation was the excellent museum, with its wall arranged stores of Indian curiosities. The imposing structure built by the government for their reception—also on Chowringhee road—is about the first object that strikes the eye in approaching the city from the river.

In the Cathedral, the chief attraction is the fine statue of Bishop Heber, in marble. The good prelate is represented as kneeling; facing the altar though far back in the central aisle, and his noble face—so full of power and repose—is all that one could wish, for in seeing, for the first time, the effigy of the writer of "From Greenlands to Himalayas." If you find this, I can not go on praising this charming work of art. For myself, who have seen the verities from childhood with so much delight; to have seen, in the gifted author, a man or insignificant figure, would have been a shock not easily recovered from. I am glad his statue more than equals my ideal—which was of the loftiest character. One is so often disappointed in this line, that it is refreshing to be satisfied for once.

Then we visited the "Old Cemetery," the like of which for antiquity, and prodigious monuments one will not easily find. The fancy of the first settlers, in erecting memorials for their dead, seems to have been of an exaggerated type—chiefly pyramids, and running to extravagant height. Our cemeteries have a few pretentious shafts, towering up among those of humbler appearance. In the "Old Cemetery," the entire space is studded, thickly as they stand, with mighty monuments, as if each stood for a Major General or a Judge, at least. Our search through the puzzling uniformity of time, stained tombs, was at last rewarded by finding the towering pyramid of brick and mortar over the honored remains of Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar, died 1792, in early manhood; but accomplishing much in brief time what others of men would would illly accomplish in three-score and ten.

Then we went to the house where Thackeray was born, a most interesting spot; on one of the back streets parallel with Chowringhee Road, now occupied by an American orphanage school. Very little altered from the place that witnessed the birth of the genial and gifted novelist, who has given most of us so much pleasure in reading what few pens but his (perhaps none) could write.

The sun was blazing hot, but we were fairly protected in our garb (carriage)

and persevered in taking a long ride up Circular Road, which I shall never regret. It terminated at Lily Cottage, where 32 years ago I visited Father La Croix, the best preacher of his time in Bangalore. By a singular "irony of fate" his house was afterwards occupied by Keshub Chunder Sen, the founder of the Brahmo Somaj, or the advanced theism of present Bengal thought. This theistic teacher of a God without an "Incarnation" lived, taught, died and was buried on the old mission premises. His unpretending chapel in rear of the dwelling house has accommodation for only a few dozens of hearers (I should think 50 would crowd in) and the elevated platform where he played rabbi to his admiring scholars has not been used since his death. His most promising pupil teaches in the same room, but from a lower seat in the synagogue. The great pundit's pulpit is kept covered with fresh flowers. His simple marble tomb is a plain shaft eight or ten feet high, with name and dates of birth and death and a sentence quoted from one of his lectures, something like this, if it be not verbatim:

"This little bud has taken its long flight—whither, I know not." A creed almost like Col. Ingersoll's. Alas, what better one can be framed where Christ is not! When will men, Jew or Gentile, learn that "God manifest in the flesh"—and even the "sinners' friend," is the only one who can fill the aching void. K. C. S. is the highest climber among the heathen, without an Incarnate Savior—perhaps the highest of all that ilk; but his life is a dreary failure, as all lives are foredoomed to be that begin not in the Jesus—"made sin for us." He has some fine children, but none inheriting his undoubted genius. His sons received us cordially, comely lads, just springing into young manhood. His daughter married the Rajah of Cooh Bihar, one of India's kingly, and has a sweet face, in her photograph. K. C. S.'s portrait in oil by a French artist, hangs in the sitting-room, a striking face and full of thought and character, as well as handsome withal. A typical Bengalee, of the better sort.

Our next visit was to the old Loll Bazar Baptist Mission Chapel. There we saw the very baptistry where good Judson's conscience drove him to the "watery grave" our deep water brethren find such peace and rest in. It is a quaint old place, with a black marble table to the right of the high pulpit bearing the honored names of the glorious triumvirate—"Carey, Marshman, Ward," than whom no better men have ever lived or died in India.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

IN MEMORIAM.

"Mrs. Stuart is dead!" the patient, loving wife, the fond, devoted mother, the faithful sister, the thoughtful friend, the good neighbor, the Christian woman, is dead! In reading the life of the most famous of the world's women, nothing is so impressive as the story of the close.

The last sickness of Mrs. Stuart was brief, she was under the treatment of a physician but five days, yet she endured her suffering with so much fortitude, that the loved ones who watched every movement and anticipated every wish could not realize that she was so soon to leave them; and death came so quickly, so gently, that she did not say "Good Night" to earth, but, at the early dawn of that Sabbath, so long to be remembered by the stricken household—Mrs. Stuart, in a brighter clime, said "Good Morning" to the loved ones—father, mother, two sisters and three children, who were waiting for her. Of her, it can be truthfully said: "She bath done what she could," and thus resting in the cold embrace of death, her influence will live on; what Mrs. Stuart was to her family can be put into words. The husband, the six daughters and three sons will miss her as early dawn, all through the day, and even more as the shades of night come on, when they were all wont to gather in "mother's room," and relate the pleasant story, the harmless joke, and speak of plans for the morrow.

The subject of this tribute was born in Woodford county in 1834—Miss Mary Alexander married Mr. Wm. Stuart in 1858 had lived twenty-seven years in the house where she lived and she will be greatly missed by the neighborhood and community as well as by her family. Mr. Stuart was for several years a leading merchant in Crab Orchard, but circumstances brought about by the war, pressed him, as others, and he met with reverse. That he never had to sacrifice his home and paternal acres, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart have, by dint of industry, frugality and economy, been able to give their children a good education. The mother leaves five daughters well versed in book lore, and domestic frugality. She has, indeed, been a helpmeet, and to her husband, in this, his darkest hour, I would say: 'You will often feel the invisible presence of "Mary." She will come with a slow and noiseless footstep, she will take the vacant chair, and as she lays her gentle hand in yours, she will pleadingly say, "watch over these dear children with more than a father's care, be to them father and mother and God will give you strength." To the children, that spirit voice says: "Be kind to your father, minister to his every want, before it has ever been expressed; with your combined efforts make him so attractive to him, that he will be contented and happy." To husband and children, the departed wife and mother would whisper:

Be assigned,
Bear up, bear on, the soul shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.
A FRIEND.

Refuting a Slanderous Imputation.

Chairman J. E. Lynn has addressed the following letter to the Somerset Reporter, which fully explains itself:

STANFORD, Apr. 12.—In your paper of the 8th inst., I find that you make use of this language in reference to my action in declaring the result of the recent District Primary election:

"In direct violation of the resolution under which he was acting Mr. Lynn was absent when the vote was to be counted and deputized another who neglected or refused to attend to it at the proper time, and the vote was not counted until Monday evening, when the report from Russell was received; and we suppose the vote never would have been counted if that report had not been received."

"This contains such a false and slanderous imputation upon my conduct and intentions in what I did that I can not permit it to be passed by in silence. It is true that the resolution of the committee directed that I should compare the vote and declare the result of the election on the second Saturday in March. This, however, every member of the committee and every honest man will admit was simply directory and was not intended to require that I should at all hazards and in every contingency declare the result on that day. The plain facts of the case are that on the 23rd Saturday in March and for several days preceding I was sick and was not able to leave my house. On this account I, on Saturday morning, wrote a note to Mr. Walton, Secretary of the District Committee, asking him if the returns were in from all the counties of the district, to make the count and declare the result in my name as Chairman of the District Committee. When Saturday came I was informed that the returns were found to be in from all the counties except Russell, as the mail facilities from that county to this place were inconvenient. The Secretary, very properly, as I think, concluded that it was right to wait a reasonable time for these returns to come in before declaring the result. From the well-known character of the Chairman of the Russell County Committee, for honesty and promptness we have every reason to believe that he attended to his duty and that the delay was caused by the mails. From my knowledge of the character of both Mr. Waddie and Mr. Warren I was satisfied that neither of them would accept a nomination based upon such a technicality as a mere delay in the delivery of a mail. For this reason I approved the action of the Secretary when I came to town on Monday and found how matters stood. The official returns from Russell county came in on Monday by mail. This is a true copy of them:

"In pursuance of the action or order of the Democratic District Committee of the 8th Judicial District made November 20th, 1885, a primary election was held in the county of Russell on the second Saturday in March, 1886, in the precincts, Jno. St. Van Winkle, candidate for Circuit Judge, received 176 votes.
James W. Alcorn, candidate for Circuit Judge, received 67 votes.
R. C. Warren, candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney, received 187 votes.
O. H. Waddie, candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney, received 55 votes.
As Chairman of the Democratic Committee for Russell county, I certify that the above is the vote cast in Russell county for Circuit Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney at the democratic primary election held in said county on the second Saturday in March, 1886.
W. S. STONE,
Chairman Democratic Committee for Russell county."

The returns were that day compared and they showed that Mr. Warren had a majority of 59 votes in the district and the result was so declared. I believe that I acted as all honest men would require me to act. Yours Respectfully, J. E. LYNN.
Chairman Democratic Committee of the 8th Judicial District.

C. P. Huntington is the most successful railroad builder in the world. He never trusts an agent to make a contract for him, but attends to the minutest detail himself. He never constructs a road until he has personally inspected the territory through which it is to be built. Before he embarked in the Chesapeake & Ohio enterprise he crossed the rugged Alleghenies on foot, unaided of snakes, and navigated the turgid New River in a canoe, unaided of his rapids. He satisfied himself of the resources of the country and the practicability of the enterprise. Then he went to work and spent his money judiciously. In that lies the secret of his success. —[Louisville Times.

The Chicago Tribune estimates that the strike has cost the Gould lines \$2,200,000 in gross revenue, \$300,000 in damage in railroad property, and \$200,000 expended for detectives, guards, etc. The strikers are estimated to have lost \$500,000 in wages, and 6,000 high priced men have been temporarily thrown out of employment.

Would it not be better and cheaper to establish a whipping-post in each county and have the whipping done at home, than to send the poor devil to the convict mines and have him thrashed daily? Which of the two is better, the cheaper and the most human? —[Madisonville Times.

There are one billion dollars' worth of diamonds owned in this country. That's a big amount, but when we think how the great army of country editors has increased for the last few years it does not seem so incredible. —[Danville Breeze

—The Jellico miners are on a strike against the usual summer reduction in wages.

CROWDED TO OVERFLOWING!

—That is the only way to express the situation at—

POWERS' GREAT BARGAIN STORE!

The Prettiest Goods ever Seen in Stanford

—Are here, and the—

Variety in Styles is Simply Marvelous!

From the hundreds of patterns in FINE CUT LAWNS and Pretty Prints up to the highest grade Crash Goods, such as the new Kinked Seesuckers and Imported DRESS GINGHAMS, all to cost only a little more than Calicos, and then up to the fine Woolen Goods, you will never tire looking at new and beautiful patterns; but

The Most Wonderful Surprise and Delight is the Low Prices.

People can dress in good taste at almost no expense at all now. We have no space here to enumerate goods or prices, but only to invite everybody to visit us and see what real bargains are. The stock of SHOES and CLOTHING is now greatly enlarged and we think we can please all. Call and take a look through the brightest and prettiest and cheapest stock ever brought to Stanford.

S. L. POWERS & CO.

There is great difficulty in getting at the merits of the strike which began in Texas and has resulted in bloodshed and car burnings in East St. Louis. Those most anxious to know the exact truth are unable to reach it. The prevalent public opinion is that the strike was not warranted, depends wholly upon the unpopularity of Mr. Gould, and has been horribly managed. And if the trains are running as usual, as officially reported, what sense is there in going on with the fuss? There is no compensation, moral or material, for the folly of fighting a lost battle. —[Cincinnati Commercial.

Millinery.

I have just returned from the city and I cordially invite you to call and see my Elegant Line of Millinery before buying. I also call attention to my fine stock of Ladies' Underwear and Notions, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs and Corsets of different styles. Ladies' White Broadbrimmed Dresses. I can be found at my store in the room lately vacated by the post-office.

MRS. KATE DUDDEAR,
Stanford, Ky.

FOR SALE.

Desiring to change my residence, I offer for sale My Beautiful Suburban Home.
With 10 Acres of Land attached, I mile west of Lancaster. The house is good, so are the out-houses; there is a good orchard, etc. Terms apply to cash. Address me at Lancaster, Look Box 39.
103-11
R. R. NOEL.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Meers, S. R. & L. J. Cook are Agents for the John Church & Co. Pianos and Organs, which embrace the following most excellent instruments: Knabe & Co., Hazeltine Bros., Decker & Son and Everett Pianos. Also, Clough & Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs. These instruments are most excellent in tone, of great durability and we defy competition. All of them are warranted for five years. References—A. R. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Crutcher, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Hazley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky.

FARM FOR SALE!

I offer for sale my Farm of 100 Acres, situated near Walnut Flat, Lincoln county, on the Stanford and Crab Orchard pike, 4 miles from Stanford and 6 miles from Crab Orchard. The land is to excellent condition, an abundance of water, fencing good, spacious barn and sheds, implement house, etc., a paradise, all new, built in 1884 and '85. Comfortable dwelling, 30 acres in wheat, 40 acres in oats and sowed to timothy and clover, 20 acres in corn; remainder in grass. Terms and price reasonable. (114-10) L. H. FRYON, Stanford.

The Stanford Woolen Mills.

Highest Market Price Paid for Wool.

We are now prepared to manufacture wool for farmers to the best advantage. As was said make a specialty of "CUSTOM WORE" this season, we respectfully solicit wool to be milled into Blankets, Jeans, Linings, Stocking Yarn, Flannels, etc. We will keep constantly on hand a stock of goods which we will exchange for wool on favorable terms. Wool bought at the market price. Prices for manufacturing when wool is furnished as follows: Carding and spinning, 16¢; Carding and spinning, doubling and twisting, 23¢; Carding, spinning and weaving 5-6½ Jeans, 25¢; Carding, spinning and weaving white Linsey, 25¢.
111-10
B. MATTINGLY, Prop.

Buggy & Implement House.

—I will in a few days open a—

Full Line of Agricultural Implements,

With the reliable Walter A. Wood Harvesting Machines at the head. Also—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand in connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,
113-11
A. B. BRUCE.

Go to W. R. Veatch,

NEAR DEPOT, STANFORD,

For Meal, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Sugar, Coffee, Butter, Eggs, Canned Goods, Cheese, Bologna, Macaroni, Crackers, Molasses, Jelly, Preserves, Apples, Butter, Mackerel, P. M. Feet, Spice, Pepper, Cloves, Ginger, Tea, Cinnamon, Candles, Ham, Beans, Potatoes, Dried Fruit, Pickles, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Tobacco, Cigars, Coal Oil, Soap, Starch, Bluing, Vinegar—in fact anything usually kept in a grocery. Goods delivered promptly to all parts of town. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Give us a trial and I will treat you fair.
109-110

BOURNE!

The editor is heart-broken to announce to his readers that Non D. Plume, who wrote Dr. Bourne's funny advertisements, is dead. The large moon pulled him for writing this column brought on swelling of the brain and he died of too much arthritis.

Dr. Bourne is determined, however, to give his customers the benefit of this large salary in prices. Besides selling

Medicines, Fancy Articles, Toilet Goods, Music, Mechanical Spectacles, Instruments, Jewelry, Dolls, Lamp, Fishing Tackle, Razors, Sponges, Knives, Paper, Blank Books, Stales, Ammunition, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Mixed Paints, Brushes, Varnishes—

Everything kept in a first-class Drug Store, all of which is new, fresh and superior, he has on hand a dozen Bachelors, and will furnish any good looking lady who deals with him with choice of the lot. Watch this column for list of names, or call at

Bourne's New Drug and Book Store.

CHAMPO!

The fine imported Norman stallion, will make the season of 1886 at the stable of J. M. Wray, at "Pink Cottage," 1½ miles from Stanford at

Fifteen Dollars the Season.

Or \$25 to Insure a Colt. Champto is a dark gray, 17½ hands high, weighs 1,650 pounds and is six years old the 20th of May next. He is of fine style and action, good in the loins, well ribbed and large body, with well shaped shoulders; head and neck well set on. He was imported by W. M. Smith, of Bloomington, Ill., Sept. 14, 1882.
113-11
WRAY & WAKEFIELD.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

—I have received and still receiving—

New Goods for Spring and Summer,

Comprising the best in the market, which will be

Gotten Up in Style and Made Second to None in City or Country.

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

Wall Paper,

Furniture,

Cases, Caskets, Robes.

Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices

as low as the lowest.

B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.

H. K. TAYLOR,

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

DR. W. B. PENNY,

Dentist,
STANFORD, KY.

Office on Lancaster street, next door to Insurance Journal office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary.
1154-1155

Frank Allison,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

STANFORD, KY.

Offers his services to the people of Stanford and vicinity. Long experience and careful attention guarantee satisfaction. Building material of every description furnished at low rates. 88-117

Abdallah Glencoe!

The noted breeder, will make the season of 1886 at my stable 3¼ miles south of Hustonsville on the Hustonsville and Liberty turnpike. Abdallah Glencoe is by Joe Elmo, No. 1460; trial 2:27; record 2:40, and half brother to D. C. R., record 2:23½, D. C. R. and for \$2,000; Review 2:28½; Lyceum 2:35 and Mark Wakefield, racer, trial 2:20; First dam Mattie S. by Willie D. (by Foreigner by Imp. Glencoe) 2d dam Bettie C. by Cunningham's Copper Bottom; 3d dam Silvers Dancer by Imp. Bazarard. Joe Elmo by St. Elmo, No. 275; by Alexander's Abdallah 15, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian No. 10; Joe Elmo's 1st dam by Manlybrook Messenger. Willie D.'s dam by Starlight, by Cherokee, by Imp. Planor. Abdallah Glencoe's colts are kind, fine and large and go d. movers, both in harness and under the saddle. I have one of his that with very little handling trotted a ¼ in 40 sec.; also another that was as promising, but owing to an injury has never been trained. Abdallah Glencoe, although a natural saddle horse, trotted a full mile on a 10 sec. slow track to 2:43, with six weeks or two months' handling, timed by H. Pope, of Boyle county. Mr. P. says he could show a 2:30 salt any time. Call and see a my stock before breeding elsewhere, and save money, for he possesses some of the best running and trotting crosses in existence. He is a beautiful brown, 15½ hands high (gelling measure) superior bone and muscle and stands for the small sum of

\$10 the Season or \$12 50 to Insure.

I will also stand my fine jack,

McELROY,

At \$10 to Insure. He is 15 hands 3 inches high, with fine bone and as much style as a horse. He is a first-class jack and a first-class breeder and will serve jennets at \$20. Have seen three of his colts from jennets that do honor to any jack. Mares paired with stallions the season due. Those who are traded mares bred last season are reminded that my money is due and is expected. Care taken to prevent accidents, but not responsible should any occur.
113-11
E. S. POWELL.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

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B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.

